

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GYRDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 29—VOL. XVIII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1806

NO. 915

THE BANDEAU OF LOVE,

OR,

THE BLINDNESS OF DULILOT.

A TALE.

(Concluded.)

THE zeal friendship, that pure, warm, and affecting zeal, animated Debar's discourse; reason and justice gave him all the force and authority that he could derive from such supports; and he also seconded it by the obvious and pressing considerations of the misfortunes, the indigence and the contempt that had been brought on him, by his weakness for a female adventurer unworthy of the countenance of an honest man. A salutary impression was made on Duliol's mind; his silence and his tears were an eloquent confession of his faults; his whole conduct announced a man ready to follow the advice of his friend, though it were contrary to an inclination which he began to blame. Debar, seizing this disposition, to which he had endeavored to bring him, continued to move him, and thus concluded his exhortation: "I have proved to you how highly Nerval's conduct and person deserve contempt; you feel the sad effects of a love which you must completely banish; you see the necessity of an open rupture; this is the manner in which you must bring it about, and in a moment. Nerval's apartment is not far from this; you must go thither; I will accompany you; we will ask for your niece without any other explanation, and also for the jewels which she cannot refuse to restore to you; this business must be done with boldness and dispatch; after that, we will think of repairing, by means of my friends; the state of your fortune, which your unhappy passion has so materially deranged."

Duliol promised every thing; his courage was roused by the generosity of his friend, whose firmness seemed to have communicated itself to his heart: the resolution was taken: Debar fortified it anew with every thing that might render it immovable; he saw in Duliol's air, an assurance of the sincerity of his promises; satisfied with his exertions, and daring to hope from them the wished-for success, he left the room with him. Nerval's apartment was higher than theirs; they ascended to it, and knocked; it was supper time; a tall young man with a handsome countenance, came and opened the door; Duliol's heart was moved on approaching the place where his mistress was; a confused agitation made him hesitate. "Come in then," said Debar, "and remember your promises, and the conduct you must adhere to, or else I give you up." Duliol's tottering steps no longer answered the resolution that he had just manifested a moment before: Nerval appeared, and the sight of her completely disconcerted him. "How delighted I am to see you again!" cried she to Duliol, accompanying this sweet exclamation with an enchanting smile, and with that seducing look the power of which she had so often experienced over the too feeble Duliol; "grant me a moment's conversation in this closet." She opened the door of it at the same time,

and was followed thither by Duliol, who sighed, looking at his friend. The latter would have recalled him, but in vain.

Debar waited with impatience the end of this private interview; at last it concluded; the fatal door opened; Duliol appeared, with his eyes still quite swelled by the tears that he had just shed. "These gentlemen will do us the honor to sup with us," said she, looking at the young cavalier.—"I," answered Debar, "No, madam, I withdraw, and to-morrow morning early I set off post for Paris; I see too plainly that my presence here is useless. Adieu!" In saying these words, he went away. Duliol followed him, in hopes of bringing him back, by communicating to him his illusion. "Ah! what do you mean?" answered Debar, "must I remain to be a witness of your new follies?" "Ah! my friend, you are ignorant of the truth: the young man who accompanies her is her husband, I know the motive of all her proceedings, which have incurred from you so much blame. She is innocent, as I always thought; and—" "No said Debar, "I can listen to you no more, all that I can promise you, is to delay my departure till to-morrow at noon; you will have time to execute between this and then, what you had promised me to-day; and if your resolution is not more effectual, I set off, and nothing shall detain me."—"But, my friend, I cannot avoid going to sup with her; refusal on my part, after the invitation which she gave me before her husband, might appear strange to him."—"Go," said Debar, "for my part I remain alone, but think of setting off to-morrow morning with me, or of renouncing my friendship for ever."

The forenoon of the next day was employed, by Debar, in exhorting his friend as warmly as the preceding evening; the question was to come to a positive decision; Debar wished to set off; and after having fulfilled all the duties of the most affectionate friend, he was at the point of abandoning Duliol to all the misfortunes of his passion, if he did not seriously comply with his wise advice. He exposed to him more strongly still into what difficulties he would fall, if he did not tear himself from this perfidious woman. "Ah! my friend," cried Duliol, "you are going to tax me again with folly and credulity, but you do not know her yet; at the moment in which I am speaking to you, she is laboring hard to procure me a place of commissary, in the war department; I have seen the letters which she has written for that purpose; it is in this manner that she wishes to indemnify me for the disbursements which I have made for her." Debar could with difficulty curb his impatience, this last trait animating him again, he continued the same representations which it was proper to make to the feeble Duliol; but not seeing him as decided as he wished, he sent for his post-chaise, and prepared to quit him.

The approach of the departure of his friend, however, agitated Duliol: the sentiment of all that he owed him operated on his mind; friendship and gratitude were not wholly extinguished in his heart; he saw all that he was going to lose; Debar perceived him hesitate and give

way; he wished to take advantage of this first impression, and prevailed on him to take the step which he had recommended the evening before. Duliol promised, and went to execute it; but his courage forsook him at the very moment. Debar, then feeling that it was better to content himself with what he might obtain than to require all, dreading besides the dangers of a fresh interview, renounced his first ideas, and confined himself to deciding Duliol to depart. He kept up, by his remonstrances, the ferment in which his friend was; and contriving to wrest from him a sullen consent, he flew to bring his niece, whom Nerval resigned without much difficulty, since Duliol, ruined, could no longer be useful to her; and stepping with them into the post-chaise, he took them to Dijon, in order to place the niece there in a convent, and thence pursue his journey to Paris, where he reckoned to procure Duliol resources which he could not hope to find for him at Lyons. Debar's own affairs also called him thither, and his money began to get low. At Auxerre they took the passage boat; here Duliol was in such a situation as may be imagined, melancholy, thoughtful, seeing nothing of what was passing around him, lost in his own ideas, still in love, and persuaded of the honor of his mistress, accusing her of none of his misfortune, which he imputed to his own evil destiny, and cursing his fate in adoring Nerval. Debar congratulated himself, however, on having removed him from so dangerous an object, and hoped that time and absence would alleviate his afflictions, and cure his folly; he exerted his attention to divert and enliven him.

Among the persons embarked in this passage-boat, Debar remarked an officer clothed in a uniform similar to that of the cavalier Duval. Struck by the idea that this sight awakened in him, he interrogated the officer. "Are you not, Sir, of the regiment of Bourbonnion?" "Yes, Sir," said the officer. "You come then from Corsica, I presume?" "I am just arrived thence."—"You must know the cavalier Duval, he belongs to your regiment."—"No, Sir, I am not at all acquainted with him."—"That is singular; he is a young man much about your size, with a pleasing countenance, he has fine light hair, a soft voice, an agreeable look, but the most unpolished manners."—"No Sir, that cavalier does not belong to our corps."—"But, surely, you know him; his wife went to see him in Corsica, a few months ago."—"Ah! I see whom you mean; the title of cavalier had deceived me: does not she whom you call his wife go by the name of Nerval?"—"Exactly so."—"But I did not think that, when she was with him, she went by that name."—"It seems to me that you are well acquainted with her."—"Vastly well; and this is her character, if you wish to know it. Nerval is a pretty Paris girl, who understood her trade very well; she fell seriously in love with an adventurer in a small way, who, after having enjoyed her favors at a cheaper rate than many other men, having grown tired of her, and having no resource, enlisted in our regiment, and came with us to Corsica last summer; this girl, though a constancy very uncommon in beings of her species,

WRITTEN IN A CHURCH YARD IN THIS CITY.

The curlew tells the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly over the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

GRAY.

While pensive over this hallowed spot I tread,
Where silently repose unnumbered dead;
My thoughts from fancy transient vision wake,
And in the bliss of silent thought partake.

Oh DEATH! 'tis here thy havoc we survey,
Whose awful summons all mankind obey—
'Tis here the yawning GRAVE unfolds to view,
Terrors, the guilty mind can never shun.

Through thy dread medium we here behold,
Eternity's awful realms unfold!
'Tis here distinctions crumble in the dust,
And here repose the wicked and the just.

As fades with twilight the lamp of day,
(Or as the rose which blooming fades away)—
So man "in best estate" must here repose,
The weary pilgrim here his journey close.

Yon tomb denotes that greatness too must die!
And mix in common with mortality;
The GRAVE that common portion of mankind,
Encloses all nor leaves one trace behind.

Say where, vain Man, is now thy boasted power!
'Tis gone—cut down and withered in an hour—
Where now the wealth thou greed'd to leave behind!
Alas! 'tis fled like phantoms of the mind.

While round in awful silence we survey,
The high and low alternate wrapt in clay!
Here stands a slab—there a sculptured tomb—
Here age retires—there youth cut off in bloom.

My soul with solemn solitudes views the clay,
Where kindred friends in DEATH's cold mansions lay—
I too like them, must yield to him my breath,
Like them, inurn'd within th' abodes of Death.

Opprest with grief we hover on the brink—
In wild obscurity our future prospects sink—
Thrice welcome Death! thou messenger of peace,
Welcome!—to the prisoner a sweet release.

Prepare my soul for that blest state above,
Where Angels dwell in harmony and love—
Where ceraphs in celestial glory shine,
And chaunt Almighty love in hymns divine.

'Oh DEATH! where is thy sting?
'Oh GRAVE! where is thy victory.'

New-York, 19th Aug. 1806.

W. F. H.

CANZONET.

I.

MATHEW! wrap thy mantle round thee,
Cold the rain beats on thy breast!
Why should harrows voice around thee?
Death can bid the wretched rest!
All under the tree,
Thy bed may be,
And thus may'st slumber peacefully.

II.

Maiden, once gay pleasures knew thee;
Now thy cheeks are pale and deep.
Love has been a felon to thee;
Yet, poor maiden! do not weep:
There's rest for thee,
All under the tree,
Where thou wilt sleep most peacefully.

JULIAN was the son of a mechanic in a populous town; and as soon as he could guide the awl, was kept hard to work in his father's shop, mending the soles of all the pedestrians in the town. Julian disliked rubbing very much, and confinement still more; but he stuck to the last, only now and then making a holiday with some other boy, for which he never failed to be rewarded with a good drubbing.—At length his father died; Julian, who was yet too young to set up as a maker and mender of soles on his own account, was taken as a shop-boy by an oilman within a few doors of his father's stall. As he had now frequently parcels to carry to different parts of the town, he very much preferred his new way of life; and not seldom did he loiter on his errands to lengthen his enjoyments of fresh air and exercise.

One day he was sent with a parcel to the house of Albano, and having lingered more than he commonly did, it was late in the evening ere he arrived. He had been ordered to make haste, and he found by the old woman who received the parcel, that his negligence had not been unnoticed by Albano; indeed he heard his voice, blaming aloud the master of the shop for not having sent his colours before the evening.

Julian advanced—"Sir, said he modestly, 'my master is not to blame—I have been loitering.'

"You are an idle rogue, then," said Albano coming forward, "and I shall complain to your master of it. It was of consequence to me to get those colours finished by noon by day-light."

Albano would probably have decanted longer on the atrociousness of Julian's conduct, but that the eyes of the lad were fixed most attentively on a painting which rested against the wall.

"What are you gazing at," said Albano in a gentler tone.

"I never saw any thing so beautiful," replied Julian, except the sun-to-morrow as it was setting behind Wood-Hill."

"Did you stop to look at that?" asked Albano with a smile.

"Yes," replied the lad, "I could not help it."

"Come up with me then," said Albano.

Julian tripped after Albano, and beheld with a delight he had no words to express, a number of the paintings, some by Albano, and some by other excellent masters.—He was all eyes; and though he scarcely spoke three words, he received half-a-crown from Albano, and went home happier than he had ever been before. He played truant no more. Having made up parcels for Albano at different times, he took small quantities of the different colours, and at every leisure half minute, flew to the garret to grind, to arrange, to view his treasures.

In time he was again sent to Albano. He had not now loitered by the way; on the contrary, he was breathless with the haste he had made. He begged to be permitted to take the parcel up stairs himself. The old woman granted his petition.—Albano was painting. Julian advanced timidly, was welcomed by Albano, and at length gained courage to watch the movements of the master's hand. He made new errands, and every errand was a new lesson.—At length he waited once more on Albano; his parcel was larger than common. He hesitated; looked at the valuable pictures around him; blushed; and at length produced a piece of his own. It was the sun setting behind the Wood-Hill. Albano looked at the piece, then at Julian; again at the piece.

"Julian, said he, this is not perfect, but you must not carry out oil and pickles any longer; you shall come and grind my colours."

Julian obtained his discharge; was received by Albano, became his pupil, and soon more than rivalled his master.

The happy moment that first shewed to the wondering eyes of the boy the creative powers of the pencil, awakened in his mind a dormant faculty, of which till then he was unconscious. Albano must have felt a pleasure of the purest kind when he reflected that he had been the means of producing such a genius into the world; for though perhaps, in the grave calculation of materialists and philosophers, it is of no real consequence to mankind to have painters, poets, or sculptors, yet it cannot be denied but that those elegant arts are in themselves great sources of pleasure.

SCRAP.

In marriage, prefer the person before wealth; 'tis true before beauty, and the mind before the lady; for you will have a wife, a friend, and a companion.

come to release her lover; she had the appearance of a rich woman, and she said, her fortune was made at Lyons, no doubt by means of some dupe, wherever he may be. She in fact released her dear favorite; they then both departed; I have not learned what is become of them, nor do I trouble myself about the matter. That's the history of your pretended chevalier D'aval and his respectable consort."

During this recital, Debar fixed his eyes on Dolittle; he saw him all at once turn pale and red, with shame and despair. He would not completely overwhelm him, and therefore was silent. The next day, he thought that the night having left his friend time to make sober reflections, he might wholly deceive him by warmer and more urgent remonstrances. Those were thrown Dolittle; he was unable to answer his friend; despair was depicted in his face. Debar at last saw that truth had made an impression on his friend, and not choosing to push matters to extremity, he went away from him, after having affectionately squeezed his hand, and manifested his pardon, in his eyes moistened with tears. Dolittle also went away. A quarter of an hour had now elapsed since this separation, when Debar heard some cries: it was those of the persons who had just seen Dolittle throw himself into the river. Every one was eager to fly to his assistance; but it was too late; he was dead when he was taken up.

Such was the end of Dolittle; the victim of an inconsiderate love, nothing had been able to convince him of Mervale's perfidy: he ran through a considerable fortune in worshipping this divinity, who abused his passion; and when his eyes were open to the light, despair forced him to renounce a life which no longer presented him any prospect but shame and remorse.

This is the most striking example of the excesses to which we may be led by a blind passion, and that fatal bandage of love.

ANECDOTES.

An Attorney, in presenting a copy of a writ to an Auctioneer, apologized for his unfriendly visit, and concluded with hoping that the other would not be offended, as he was merely performing an unpleasant duty of his profession. "Certainly not," said the Auctioneer, "you must attend to the duties of your profession, and so must I mine." This said he instantly knocked him down.

A certain vicar of a factitious turn, walking late one evening, meets his curate highly elevated with the juice of the grape: "Oh, Mr. Twangum, says the vicar, from whence came you?" "Why I don't know, doctor says he. I have been spinning it out with neighbor Freport." "Ay, quoth the doctor, and now, after your spinning it out, I perceive you are finishing the work by reeling it home."

A modern writer gives the following enumeration of the expression of a female eye.—The glare, the stare, the leer, the sneer, the invitation, the defiance, the denial, the consent, the glance of love, the flush of rage, the sparkling of hope, the languishment of softness, the squint of suspicion, the fire of jealousy, and the lustre of passion.

TRUE POLITENESS.

When Lord Stair was ambassador at the court of Louis the fourteenth, his manners and conversation gained him the esteem of that monarch; inasmuch, that one day in a circle of his courtiers talking of the advantages of good breeding, the king offered to lay a wager that he would name an English nobleman that should excel in that particular any Frenchman about his court. The wager was jocularly accepted, and his majesty was to choose his own time and place for the experiment.

To avoid suspicion the king let the subject drop some months, till the courtiers imagined he had forgot it, he then chose the following stratagem: He appointed Lord Stair and two of the most polished noblemen of his own court to take an airing with him after levee. On coming to the side of the state coach, he pointed to the two French lords to enter, but they unaccounted to this ceremony, shrunk back, and submissively declined the honor. He then pointed to Lord Stair, who made his bow, and instantly sprang into the coach, followed by the king and the French noblemen.

When they were all seated, the king exclaimed, "Well, gentlemen, I believe you'd acknowledge I have now won my wager?" "How so Sir?" replied the courtiers. "Why," continued the king, "when I desired you both to go into my coach you declined it; but this polite foreigner no sooner received the commands of a king, though not his sovereign, than he instantly obeyed." The courtiers hung their heads in confusion, and acknowledged the justice of his majesty's claim.

OF FOOTE.

Footie always acknowledged the humor and misanthropy of the Irish, and gave many instances of it in the course of his convivial hours.—One cold frosty day, he said, as he was crossing the ferry near Dublin, a passenger was put in the boat quite drunk, who was at first very ungovernable. This occasioned many remarks: one said "how beastly drunk he was;" another, that he ought to be thrown overboard," &c. At last the boatman, looking at him, seemingly with an eye of compassion, exclaimed: "Why, to be sure, good people, the man is bad enough; but, bad as he is, I wish I had half his disorder about me."

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, AUGUST 30, 1806.

Report of deaths in this city during the last week. We 76 persons (16 men, 10 women, 25 boys, and 25 girls). Of abacases 1, casualty 1 (a woman who died in consequence of a scratch on her arm), convulsions 6, consumption 6, debility 7, decay 4, dropsy 2, drowned 2, epileps 2, nervous fever 1, typhus fever 4, infantile flux 20, gravel 1, hives 1, intoxication 1, inflammation of the stomach 1, mortification of the bowels 1, small pox 1, sore throat 1, sprue 3, sudden death 1, ketting 6, and whooping cough 4.

About one o'clock on Tuesday morning, Mr. Sands' powder-house at Brooklyn blew up. We understand about 400 kegs of powder were in the building at the time of the accident. No lives were lost. The church at Brooklyn received some injury, besides having the windows broken. A rope-walk in the neighborhood was levelled with the ground. Many of the windows in Brooklyn, and several in this city, were broken by the explosion.

The brig Lady Washington, from New-Orleans (arrived at quarantine on Wednesday evening) fell in with the schr. Olive Branch, bound from St. Kitts for New-York, on Sunday last bottom upwards, and took off the wreck the Captain and one man; the remainder of the people unfortunately perished.

A dreadful accident occurred, on Friday afternoon last, in the neighborhood of Philadelphia. A man, having with him in a chair three children, the horse suddenly become frightened, ran away with the chair, and dashed it to pieces. One of the children, a girl about 7 years of age, was most horribly mangled, and will probably lose both her legs; the second, a boy, had his arm shattered; and the third is seriously wounded by the wheel running over his body. We do not understand that the man was much injured.

Loss of the ship *Rosin-Bloom*.—It is with much regret we have to state the loss of the ship *Rosin-Bloom*, commanded by Capt. S. Barker, bound from Charleston to this port. This ship upset at 9 o'clock on Sunday morning last, off Barnegat, during the gale which was severely felt in this city.

It is painful to state that out of forty-nine persons on board, 21 were drowned.—Gen. Macpherson, of Philadelphia, in saving the life of his daughter lost his own. On Monday, at 11 o'clock A. M. the survivors were taken off the wreck by the british brig *Swift*, Capt. Puelan, of St. Johns, and brought safe to this port.

The following are the names of the persons saved:

Capt. Stephen Barker,
Capt. Oliver Champlin,
Miss Eliza Macpherson,
Hon. John Rutledge,
Mr. L. Petray,

Mr. Brennan,
Joseph W. Page,
B. Booth,
John Davis,
D. Bouteur,
H. Turner,
N. Perry,
D. Crocker.

Soumen.

Benj. Brayton,
W. Van Eightes,
John W. Gibbs,
Randell Cornell,
Lloyd B. Burt,
John Hathway,
Lewis Davison,
Lewis Riley,
James Quin,
Thomas Conly,
William Cawan.

Men of Colour.

Baptiste Hagerdie,
John Murray,
Henry Davis—28 saved.

DROWNED.

General Macpherson and servant,
Mrs. Booth and Son,

Mr. Clark,
James Miller, jun.
Thomas Tai,

Henry Bowering,
Doctor Ballard and servant,
Mr. Bouteur's servant,
Mr. D. Crocker's do.

Severage passengers and crew.

William Whitledge,
John Forch, Jr.
D. M. Carty, William Robinson,
Charles Bryce, Fortune Johnston,
John Trusty, Adam Knot, black,
Harry Kid do.—drowned 21.

COURT OF HYMEN.

Lowly looks and constant courting
Sweetening all the toils of life,
Cheerful children's harmless sporting,
Follow woman made a wife.

MARRIED.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Kuyper, Mr. William Peck, merchant, to Miss Eliza Hunt, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, Mr. Roger Storrs, to Mrs. Elizabeth Allen, both of this city.

On Sunday afternoon, by the Rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Daniel Tylee, to Miss Catharine Ellis, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Beach, Mr. Mathias, Hermsberger, of Philadelphia, to Miss Ann Miller, of this city.

On Saturday evening, at Newark, by the Rev. Dr. Mac Whorter, Mr. Samuel Rochban Holmes, merchant of this city, to Miss Susan Banks, daughter of David Banks, Esqr.

Mr. Jacob Le Grange, to Miss Martha Preble, both of Hamilton.

On the 10th inst. at the house of Jeremiah Van Rensselaer, Jun. Esq. at Utica, John A. Schuyler, Esq. of New-Barbadoes Neck. (N. J.) to Miss Catharine Van Rensselaer, of Claybrook, daughter of the late Gen. Robert Van Rensselaer, deceased.

Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Wilkens, at Ann's View, Haslem, Simon Fraser, Esq. of Berberie, to Miss Maria Barclay, daughter of the British Consul General.

MORTALTY.

How dreadful 'tis to Die!

DIED.

On the 9th inst. Meriwether Jones, Esqr. commissioner of loans for the state of Virginia.

At Charleston, on the 7th instant, after a few hours illness, Mr. Jones, late of the Charleston Theatre.

Possessing superior talents in the line of his profession, Mr. Jones might have enjoyed the esteem of the community, if he had not, unfortunately, been too much his own enemy. His great and varied powers of acting have oftentimes rivetted the admiration of the audience, while the melody of his tongue captivated the finest feelings of the heart. As a player he was entitled to the highest applause; as a private character, deserving of the deepest commiseration.

While *Melpomene* will weep over the urn of the unfortunate Jones, *Fury* will draw the veil over his indiscretions.

ENIGMA.

A Sailor launch'd a ship of force,
A cargo put therein of course;
No goods had he he wish'd to sell;
Each wind did serve his turn as well;
No pirates dreaded; to no harbor bound;
His strongest wish that he might run aground.

Answer to the Enigmas which appeared in No. 23.

Letter E.

SAUNDERS & LEONARD,

No. 104 Maiden-Lane,

Have on hand a constant supply of

Leghorn Hats & Bonnets,
Spilt straw do. do.
Paper do. do.
Wire assorted sizes,
Artificial and straw Flowers,
do. do. Wreaths,
Leghorn Hats by the Doz. or dozen,
Festive boards,
Black, blue, and cloth sewing Silks,
Saratoga, white and pink,
Open work, straw trousers & Tassels.
With every article in the Millinery line by Wholesale only.
August 30, 913—16

COURT OF APOLLO.

We are seldom indulged with such a striking contrast as the two succeeding stanzas exhibit.

English translation of the celebrated fragment of Sappho.

Blest, as the immortal gods, is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee, all the while,
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
And rai'd such tumults in my breast;
For while I gaid, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd:—the subtle flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted—sunk—and died away!

PARODY ON THE ABOVE. TO A SCOLD.

Curst, as the devil himself, is he,
Th' unhappy wretch who's tied to thee;
Who hears and sees thee, every hour,
Talk so loud, and look so sour.

'Tis this deprives my soul of rest,
This raises horror in my breast;
For oft, in sudden anguish tost,
My courage fails, my voice is lost.

My hair's erect: unusual dread
O'er all my vital frame is spread;
My scared eye-balls shun the sight;
Deaf are my ears with dire affright.

Cold sweats my trembling members feel;
Terrific fears my blood congeal;
Resolv'd, at last, no more to stay,
I rise—take breath!—and run away!

SAPPHO TO HER LOVER.

Bless me the ill of life endure,
Ills, that shall rend my heart!
Bid me resign the hope of cure,
And cherish endless smart!
Bid me a weary wanderer be;
But never bid me fly from thee!

Bid me encounter vulgar scorn;
And hopeless of relief,
Bid me awake, each sadden'd morn,
To feed the source of grief!
Bid me from pomp and splendor flee;
But never bid me fly from thee!

Bid me o'er barren deserts rove,
Over mountains rude and bare;
Bid me the keenest torment prove
That feeling bosom share!
Bid me no dawn of comfort see;
I'll bear it all, if blest with thee!

COAT OF ARMS.

A gentleman called a ticket porter to carry a message, asked his name; Russel said he. And pray, said the gentleman jocularly, is your coat of arms the same as the Duke of Bedford's? As to our arms, your honor says the porter, I believe they are pretty much alike, but there is a d—d deal of difference between our coats.

DURABLE INN.

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
Which nothing will Discharge without destroying the Lines.

The Utility of this Preparation, whenever such an Article is wanting, need not be pointed out—Initials, Names, Cyphers, Crests, &c. may be formed with the utmost expedition, and without the inconvenience or expense of any Implements; and will be found to stand every Test of Washings, Buckings, Acids, Alkalies, &c. which city and other Compositions will not. If we can on Linen as it comes from the loom, it firmly stands the Bleaching. It is also a much better, as well as indelible Criterion of a Person's Property, than Initials made with Thread, Silk, or Instruments, frequently used for this purpose.

A fresh supply of the above, just received by Robert Bach, & Co. Druggists, No. 128 Pearl-Street, for sale, wholesale and retail; where also may be had Drugs and Medicines, Patent Medicines, Perfumery of the best kinds, Tooth Brushes, Reeves' drawing colours, &c. &c.

July 19.

909—tf.

MARTIN RABBESON,



At his wholesale UMBRELLA MANUFACTORY, No. 34, Maiden-Lane, corner of Nassau-Street, begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he carries on the above manufactory extensively, and sells Umbrellas and Parasols, in the greatest variety, wholesale and retail. Ladies wishing to purchase handsome Parasols, may always have the choice out of one hundred doz.

N. B. A number of Girls wanted to sew umbrellas, or to nett fringes

June 14

904—3m.

RICHARD MULHERAN,

Has for sale at his store, No. 12 Peck-Slip, a new assortment of dry goods, consisting of superfine Cloths second do. pattern and common Cassimeres, Pattern Cordes, Flannels, Dimities, Linens, Brown Hollands Nankens, Bandano Handkerchiefs, Mameodies, Moss Sannas, Gurreals, white and black thread Laces, Collars, checked Leno, Leno Veils, white and coloured Cambric Muslins, India Mulcud Muslins, Silk Shawls, and a variety of other goods, which he will sell on reasonable terms for Cash.

May 3,

908—af.

BOOK-STORE—NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

Just received, in addition to our usual assortment, a variety of new publications; among which are, the Power of Religion on the Mind, in Retirement, Affliction, and at the approach of Death—A short system of Public Learning, being an Epitome on the Arts and Sciences—Marriots Poems—Original Poems—Also, Carr's Northern Summer, with a variety of Children's Books too tedious to enumerate.

PLAYS,

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Mountaineers, West Indian, False Shame, Folly as it Flies, Edwin & Angelina, Way to get Married Count of Burgundy, Signs of the Daughter, Love's Fraillies, Deserted Daughter, Stranger, Self Immolation, Widow of Malabar, Jew or Benevolent Heiress, Rural Felicity, Tell Truth & Shame the Devil, Preservation or the Hovel on the Rock, Father, or American Shandyism. &c. &c. &c.

Just Published, and For Sale at this Office,

A Geographical CHART of the U. STATES; or comprehensive view of the most interesting particulars, relative to the Geography of North-America.

MRS. TODD'S,

TRADE-STORE—No. 69, JOHN-STREET,

Where may be had a general assortment of the best Tea—also, Sugar, Coffee, Spices, &c. &c.

TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY

N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER

FROM LONDON,

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE.

NO. 114, BROADWAY.



SHELL COMBS

Smith's purified Chymical Combed Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, clears and prevents the skin from chapping. 4s. per pot.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass. Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses as well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns; and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s. 4s. 8 & 12s. bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out, or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot. Smith's tooth Paste warranted to be the best.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb. Violet, double scented Rose, 2s. 6d.

Smith's Savoyette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. 6d. per pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chymical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted—2s. and 4s. per box. Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s. 6d. Almost Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil, for curling, plating and thickening the Hair, and preventing it from turning gray, 4s. per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pastes, 1s. per pot or roll. Doled do. 2s.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s. and 4s. per box. Smith's Lotion for the Teeth, warranted.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cream, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving, 4s. 1s. 6d. Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s. per box.

Ladies silk Braces, do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters.

Salt of Lemons, for taking out iron mold. Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

* * The best warranted Concave Razors, Elmer's Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with Imported Perfumery.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again January 3, 1806. R33. ly.

Alexander Saunders & John Leonard,

Having entered into Copartnership, informs their friends and the public, that the business will in future be conducted under the firm of

SAUNDERS & LEONARD,

At their manufactory of Leghorn Hats and Bonnets,

No. 104 Maiden-lane,

Where they offer for Sale, on moderate terms: 24 boxes Leghorn Hats, just received via Boston Willow and Kane Squares, assorted Leghorn Bonnets, of all sizes and qualities Ditto, Gypsie Hats do Men's Leghorn Hats, green under Straw Lace, Corda, and Tassels American and English covered Wire.

With a general and elegant assortment of articles in the MILLENNARY LINE, by wholesale only.

PUBLISHED BY MARGT. HARRISON, No. 3 PECK-SLIP.